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VANITY FAIR

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ARTEMUS WARD

ON "FORTS."

LETTER II.

Every man of intelleck has got his Fort.

DANNIL WEBSTER's Fort was to speecherfy in the Hauls of Kongriss & make Dickshunaries.

SHAKSPEER rote good plaze but he woodent hev bin wuth a pint of kold Sidar as a stennergraffick Reportir. Wood he? Hey? Ile bet 2 dollers he woodent.

HENRY WARD BITCHER wood make a good end man for the kork opery minstrils, becauz he can cackle well.

Old GEORGE WASHINTON's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can GEORGE's ekal be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whares else.

Old man TOWNSIN's Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the wurld! anuther life saived!" (Cotashun from TOWNSIN's advertismunt.)

CYRUS FIELD's Fort is to lay a sub-machine tellergraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun & then hev it Bust.

SPALDIN's Fort is to maik Prepard Gloo, which mends everything. Wondir ef it will mend a sinners wickid waze. (Impromtoo goak.)

ZOARY's Fort is to be a femaile circus feller.

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniss & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with *me*.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefnit extent.

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareuppon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze &

"PRESENTLY I FOUND MYSELF IN THE KANAL."

rung out my drencht garmints I koncludid fitin wasn't my Fort. Ile now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolashun in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18——, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thawt Ide hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthenin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the street & opsot my wax wurks. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I harnist myself to a Kanal bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on likewise, 1 behind & anuther ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git & we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal & rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stummuck & back, & pressuntly I fownd myself in the Kanal with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tripe of Cusscarorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tarvern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

MORAUL—Never don't do nothin which it isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanal, figgeratively speakin.

MACHINERY

Vanity Fair.—I notice, with a proper amount of "surprise," your remarks about the Jerseyman's sewing machines, which "may be seen *running up stairs*." *You* have "never seen" such machines run, or even "walk" up stairs! Then you must have sadly misimproved your opportunities for observation in this interesting branch of domestic economy, unless you move, as I think perhaps you *do*, more exclusively in these lofty circles where the useful arts are all impractised.

Well, man, I have a *sewing machine*, which originally cost me something over "$50" to be sure; and has cost me a good deal more to keep it in *running* order since, which not only *runs* "up stairs" frequently, but does a good deal of running about town, as I infer from its demand for gaiter boots. It is not a "shuttle machine," however, if I understand it, and I think I do. Nevertheless, it is capable of doing a great variety of stitching, and especially excels in that most useful of all kinds of stitching, the "stitch in time." If any of your bachelor friends wish to obtain one of this kind of machines—which is an excellent thing to have *in the country*, you know—I can assist him in getting one, at a price varying from a small advance on the original cost, to the most fabulous sums, according to their style and finish, and also their capacity of execution, all warranted not only to run up stairs with perfect ease, but also to *run* up little bills among the shopmen for working materials.

Yours and Sewforth,

SIMON SEWTIGHT.

"OUR ELDEST."

The *World* informs us that

"A chapter which promises to be one of special interest is being prepared by Dr. CURTIS, out of the developments brought to light in the present census. The name of the 'oldest inhabitant'—the oracle of all matters appertaining to the olden time—will be revealed. The man of largest wealth will be made known; as also the father of the largest family."

The allusion to the "Oldest Inhabitant" is timely, now that there seems to be a sort of Great Awakening of old fogies on every side. Boston brought a splendid specimen for the express delectation of H. R. H. AL. NED, under the guise of a revolutionary soldier in a fine state of preservation. The agile reporters of a paper called the *Herald*, also lately unearthed three or four bones, containing a mild solution of living principle and asthma, which were at once flaunted before the public as an enormously Big Thing on grannies. Now that the *World* hints at a third, to be dug from the census by Dr. CURTIS, the supply bids fair to exceed the demand. The family of O. I's is evidently not dead, nor likely to need funeral rites so long as their existence pays. We may be anticipating too much, nevertheless it seems natural to suppose that the *World* itself, from the interest it daily manifests in fossils, will engage one or two of these garrulous creatures to do its home and foreign correspondence.

"Pau."

The editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser* informs his readers that now that the Legislature is *Pau*, the members have got their pay and gone home to receive the *alohas* (maranathas) of their constituents.

Pau is, we believe, Kanaka for a shutting off, and corking up. From the fact that the Legs alluded to deserved so many *alohas*, our Instinct at once infers that the *Pau* in question was anything but a Foe to the cause of decency, although a *faux pas*, as the world goes, seldom affords much friendly aid to the cause of virtue.

THE CASE OF W. MULLIGAN.

A GREAT deal of fuss has been made of late about the recent assault committed by WILLIAM MULLIGAN, Esq., upon the person of Mr. FRANK MCCABE, in which the eye of the latter was removed the matter of an inch or two from its socket. Much abuse has been directed at the head of His Honor JUDGE RUSSELL, because he saw fit to open court in the Station House to which, singularly enough, MULLIGAN, Esq., had been conducted immediately after the assault aforesaid, and to release him, MULLIGAN Esq.

VANITY FAIR does not see this at all. Neither the fuss nor the abuse. His Honor, Judge RUSSELL, is bad enough, mercy knows, but in this case V. F. considers him entitled to commendation rather than contumely. Don't you see, PUBLIC, that the more such ruffians as Mr. MCCABE and MULLIGAN Esq. are fostered in their designs upon each other, the better it will be for you and Mrs. PUBLIC and the children? V. F. sees it. Sees it distinctly. And V. F.'s heart is glad. therefore, that His Honor Judge RUSSELL still continues to hold his seat upon the Bench. For with RUSSELL there is hope. Under the mantle of protection that RUSSELL will throw over them, the MULLIGANS, the MATTHEWS's and the MCCABES, may insert knives into each other's small intestines; may commit the festive mayhem and indulge in the invigorating throttle; may in short, kick, bite, scratch and gouge each other to their hearts' content, and so eventually work their own extinction. They will thus be turned into what our old friend, W. SHAKESPEARE (a man much followed in his time) calls

> "The cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi."

And when the M.'s. the M.'s and the McC.'s aforesaid shall have thus devoured each other, after the manner of the Kilkenny cats, V. F. proposes that the survivor be tied up in a bag and drowned in very deep water. Then will the sceptre drop from the hand of the rowdy, and his reign be gone forever!

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

No. V.

PARIS Oct. 23d.

Vanity of Vanities:—Allow me to write you a *grave* letter to-day. My subject is grave; *portentous*, indeed; as you will soon admit.

My position, as correspondent of so influential a journal as VANITY FAIR, affords me unusual facilities for obtaining intelligence. Besides a semi-official acquaintance with M. FOULD, I am on intimate terms with the *rédacteurs* of the *Constitutionnel*, the *Patrie*, the *Siécle*, and the *Moniteur*. Moreover, I have the *entrée* to the house of a particular confidant of the Emperor, Dr. EVANS, the American Dentist. It is a fact, that royal and noble personages always find themselves more at ease with *Americans* than with any others of whatever rank. Why? Because we are *nobody's subjects*.

Dropping in at EVANS's fine mansion two or three afternoons ago, we were smoking together on a balcony connected with his *salon*. Just then, the *Emperor* was announced; having driven up, as he often does, with only one attendant, in a barouche drawn by a pair of elegant *trotters*. *Qué faire?* "Keep your seat," said the Doctor. He drew the curtains of the window, leaving me without. The Emperor entered; took an easy chair, lit a cigarette, and began a colloquy.

"EVANS, *mon ami*, I want to *pomp* you. Is not that an Americanism?".

"Your Highness may consider it so."

"I have a letter from an agent of mine in Washington. He makes propositions. He names men. You know them. You must tell me who they are."

"At your Highness' pleasure."

"One HOWELL COBB. Is that an *aristocratic* name?"

"An old Cornish family, your Highness. Tough in the grain."

"Writes for the *Ledger?*"

"Ah! no, Sire. Another person."

"I shall write for it myself, when my JULIUS CÆSAR shall have come out. I am to write the biography of JOAN D'ARC, for Mr. BONNER. Well, then, there is one Mr. WISE. A *savant*, perhaps?"

"No, Sire, quite *otherwise*. Slightly *military*. Repelled an invasion of Virginia. Also, makes speeches."

"YANCEY. Chinese name? Yangtsekiang?"

"Tartar, more probably, your Highness. Perhaps Persian; being a Fire-worshipper, the next thing to a Fire-worshipper."

"And the, one PRYOR. *Ecclesiastic*, I suppose."

"Rather, pistol-ary, your Majesty."

"And General PICKLE, and Mr. PIGGS, a banker——"

"BRICKLE, and RIGGS, your Highness."

"Ah! it is all the same in French. I am to send some regiments, and a general. Who? I have it! LAMORICIÉRE; he has *nothing else to do* now. LAMORICIÉRE will take Washington, and New York, and Boston."

"*Pardonnez moi, votre majestie!*" "And I—I am to have thirty millions of francs, and *Mexico*; afterwards, *Cuba*. And then, the North African slave-trade. During my visit to Algiers——"

Crash—bang! over went the little table, with a glass of *eau sucré* which EVANS, like a Frenchman, had been sipping on the balcony. The Emperor rose abruptly and left the house.

And so did our correspondent. Hurrying to my apartment at the Hotel Meurice, my heart full of patriotic emotion, and palpitating with anxiety for the impending future of my beloved country, I penned this hasty despatch, and then went to dinner. More in my next, of this *rugged* and *awful* crisis, from

Yours,

PRIME.

"The Grim Ferry Man."

DEAR VANITY:—I am an unfortunate man in that I am obliged by the force of circumstances to live in New Jersey. And as if that were not enough for a Christian to bear, I am obliged, by the fact of my business being in New York City, to cross the Jersey City Ferry every morning and evening.

But beyond all this there is a further grievance: it is the funny man who takes tickets at Jersey City, and who, with a monkey grin upon his face daily, imagines he is irresistibly amusing. For instance, you are saluted with such cries as the following:

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, here's the place to drop your tickets," "Now's the time—now's the time, etc.," "All LINCOLN men step this way," "This way for LINCOLN, etc., etc."

And then the wretched being leers upon the unfortunates who are obliged to pass under his yoke to get out of Jersey.

Have the N. J. R. R. Co. any interest in a travelling menagerie? if they have, won't they please send this fellow with it to cry its merits, or officiate as the Counseller to the management? Do please ask them to do something else with him; if they cannot use him in that way, perhaps BARNUM would like to have him.

Yours,

NEWARK.

"Open Sesame."

It is well known that at the recent Annual Fair at Palace Garden, the magnificent *Victoria Regia* coquettishly refused to unfold her superb corolla, and expose to the curious gaze of the beholders the crimson blushes of her attractive countenance. No gentle persuasion or scientific experiment availed, until a bystander suggested to Mr. TREADWELL—the agent for "HECKER & BROTHER"—that he should make application of some of his far-famed "Self-Rising Flour." The proposition took; and the following night the beautiful *Regia* appeared in full bloom—to the intense gratification of thousands of admirers!

Gammon and Spinnage.

The new annotated edition of Bacon.

Ancient Church Music.

Sacred Cymbals.

The song of the Siamese Twins.

"We were boys together!"

CLOUDY TIMES.

1*st. Pedestrian.*—"Bill—can you find your way through this state of things?"
2*nd Pedestrian.*—"Nary find."
1*st P.*—"Going South or North, d'ye know?"
2*nd P.*—"Nary know."
1*st P.*—"You don't See me!"
2*nd P.*—"No—nor any other man."

"No You Don't!"

One Dr. Jules Cloquet lately addressed the French Academy of Sciences, on the subject of leather made from snake skins, illustrating his proposition by producing a pair of boots of the boa-constrictor species. Now, the natural repugnance to snake, inherent in every human being who is hostile to wriggle combined with venom, will certainly prevent the snake style of boot from ever becoming a popular article; indeed we are quite safe in stating that nobody but the merest Muff could let himself be sucked in by Cloquet's Boa.

Listen all!

List your window-sashes, O ye housekeepers, for, though the wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, when the cold winter cometh, the wind bloweth not wheresoever man listeth.

From Our Dangerous Contributor.

Q. When is a carpenter like a circumstance?

A. When he is employed in Altering Cases.

The rale ginuine Stuff.

In these latter days not the Dutch alone take Holland; yet for them even it seems not bad to take.

Lachrymose.

A drover when he sheds steers.

An Irish wake.

A Spree du corps.

BOSTON ON BOOKS.

Dear Vanity Fair:—Your New-York Dr. Wynne, aided by your talented and briliant correspondent, has given a description of the wealth of your libraries, which has created much inquiry as to the contents of our Boston collections. Of course we beat you—brains against wealth always must: and the result of a flying trip to the pleasant alcoves of the Athenæum will be conveyed to your astonished mind in the following list. Mind, I have only noted a few of the rarer works, relating chiefly to our local matters, but from this specimen you can imagine that our Public Library will soon be able to give your Astor Library 'bout forty points.

Our scientific works are world renowned—as for example that stupendous work, "On the Origin of Water Crackers and the Torpedo Eel," "Arkwright on Ararat," "Potter's Jugglery," "Newcastle's Second Sight and that important statement," "Adulteration of Grain," by Sandy Rice, are books familiar to the student; whilst Palfrey's able essay, "On Parallel Passages by Horsford and Oxenbridge," is considered to have increased the circulation of the North American Review at least 100,000. "Diptheria and Croup," by Quincy, is a text book in every medical college, as is also that Boston book, "On Straining the Lungs," by Coffin. "Sermons," by Parsons, and especially that one "On the Importance of Mending Bad Habits," by Father Taylor, are repeatedly praised by your own "Independent." Bancroft has made great use of "American Patriots with a Notice of an Otis," and Macaulay cites "The Newgate Gallows, described with a sketch of the Rupert Drop." Crane's Life of Neckar has been republished by Bohn, and, J. Q. Adams's Monograph on Queues, is being published in sixteen volumes by his son. Sharpe on Time is familiar to every one, and Burnham has just reprinted Synder's Coal Formations. Ticknor has published a valuable volume on "Base Ball a century ago, with Reminiscences of Fielding," as also a new edition of Kingsley's "Yeast" with notes on Early Rising, by Poor Richard. His lighter issues have been "Pandemonium." Helen Burns—and "Secrets of the Deep, or the Miss Terry of the Atlantic," and a translation of Lamartine's last production, "Les Enfans Perdu, or the Children of the West," by Mrs. Fogg, and "The Bed of Procrustes." Longfellow's new tragedy is in press, and "Hints on Etiquette," by a Paige, lately at the suite of Albert Edward, is anxiously looked for by all who attended The Ball. "Poems by a Liverpool Liner" is attributed to Field, but I happen to know that he is engaged on "Guano and the Use of Bones by Ethiopians." "Cricket on the Hearth," by an Amateur, is a souvenir of the All England Eleven, and "Measure for Measure," by Peck, is a valuable addition to our Shakespearian library, though issued at Bangor. Architects appreciate the value of a book, "On the right size of Capitals," by Bigelow, and that interesting abstract on "Spouts," by his uncle. "Impressions by the Sea Side," by Walker, will recall Newport to many; which reminds me of the essay read at the Scientific Convention on "Oceanic Congelation," by C. Hale, of this city.

I might give you many more examples—but I suppose you will not order any of the curious books for your own use, and your readers will not believe in their existence. All is, call at the Athenæum and see them for yourself.

Yours fraternally,

Mag Leah Becky.

The Noble Savage.

By late accounts from Africa, we are informed that the King of Dahomey had arranged for doing honor to the memory of his male parent, lately deceased, by murdering two thousand of his subjects and throwing them into a hole in the ground. The name of the pious and cheerful young monarch who devised this festive proceeding is Badahung. Of course we cannot help this, as we are not his godfather and godmother, whatever Greeley may be; but this we do know—that if we had our own way, Badahung should be written down Good-to-hang, and hung accordingly.

A "NOTABLE FACT."

(By Our Self-Elected Reporter.)

OUNT us in. We're posted!

It was currently reported that our friend of the *Tribune*, upon receiving the news of Lincoln's election, donned his hat with a look indicating a total disregard of expense, hurried from his office in an uncertain state of mind, rushed to neighboring saloon, and shouted in an authoritive tone, "brandy clear!", In fact it was whispered abroad that Horace imbibed. As Vanity Fair places but little confidence in Madam Rumor, on the following day we called on H. G. and acquainted ourselves with the true state of affairs. H. G. with an inverted pen in his hand, and with his head bound up by a wet towel, was sitting in an arm-chair: before him, were several bottles of soda-water; and on the left, stood the erudite, fast and accomplished C. A. D. of the Saddle and Bridle Club.

Between these two personages the following dialogue occurred:

H. G.—I say—*hic*—Charles, I mus' have my say.

C. A. D.—Not to-day, Horace; to-morrow I may let you appear, if not in a leader, at least as a special correspondent from Washington.

H. G.—We know not whar'ra a day may bring-forth, as A—'bram Lincoln says I'm perfectly clear now. (Dips the wrong end of his pen in a soda-water bottle.) I un'nerstand myself, Charles.

C. A. D.—No, no, Horace! go to sleep now, and be a good boy,—you shall have a short leader in Friday's issue.

H. G.—D—n Friday's issue! *There* Charles, you have made me swear. *Friday!* Brooks will dissolve the Union before then."

C. A. D. eventually persuaded H. G. to abandon his intention of writing for the *Tribune* on that day. H. G., appeased by the promise of the "short leader," offered some incoherent remarks to the effect that the defeat of the Democracy resulted from mixing liquors, and that "brandy clear had fifty thousand majority." After this we left, and waited patiently for the promised leader. Friday's issue is before us, and we have no difficulty in ascertaining which is H. G.'s contribution. We give an extract:—

"There is one notable fact in relation to the election which we mark with great satisfaction and pride, and the more that this is, and always has been, the stronghold of the Democracy of this State. We refer to the increase on the Republican vote."

In the first sentence H. G. says, "this (the notable fact) is, and always has been, the stronghold of the Democracy of this State." This, standing alone, may be considered ambiguous; but the distinguished editor, with a clearness which must establish forever the efficacy of wet towels and soda-water, immediately adds: "We refer to the increase on the Republican vote." That is, "the increase on the Republican vote" "is, and always has been, the stronghold of the Democracy of this State."

This is a very good sentence, and it can only be improved by adding on at the end, "or any other man."

Having justified H. G.'s syntax, we will add that we heartily concur in the sentiment above expressed, and that we think it a very "notable fact."

Rep. V. F.

Or any other man. But let us do the handsome thing by our genial old friend the *Tribune*. Let it not be said that we have Gone Back On It. For if there ever was an occasion when delirious grammar and æsthetics-gone-to-thunder were all in programme and P. P. (perfectly proper You Know)—it orter have been on the day after that high-sky, stupenderful, incredigious prodiraculous electrofrightful—explosive—bursting—detonation—riot, rush, roar, tornado—detonation—of an Election.

Old Fellow—we only wonder you didn't sling the sorts down loose on the paper—pour a barrel of ink on 'em—bid grammar and reason be unequivocally blarsted—and dance on the mess by way of writing and composition. When a man gets a Big Thing—when he accumulates an Awful Jag—something Accented—we don't care a delicious darn of what color or party—we like to see him shake out his rags, and if he slings Lindley Murray higher 'n Murray Hill we don't care. Rip Snap, set her up again!—no matter who you vote for. Vanity Fair was in Paris during the Revolution of '48, and is free to confess that of all the Sublime Specs which he witnessed, that which most directly banged him was the scare-crow look of his friend *Charivari* on the morning of the 25th. Such a Squabble! But there was, oh *Tribune*, one sentence which Set Her Up Again—something to the effect that the folks had been busier with their fighting than their writing.

Go it *Tribune!*—go it Rags! (that's the *Express* You Know)—go it Bennett!—go it Dick!—go it! Devil Vanity bets on all of you.

FRESH FIENDS AND TORTURES NEW.

Of course you remember Haynau. Haynau, you know, was that Austrian general who flogged women, and who was soundly thrashed himself, on coming to London, by the sturdy workmen in Barclay and Perkins's brewery. Well, Haynau is nowhere now. They've got a man down in Mexico—they call him President, we believe—who can beat him all hollow. This fiend's name is Miramon. On the 10th of October, in the City of Mexico, Miramon ordered five hundred lashes to be administered to a man who had had the audacity to entreat him, Miramon, to put a stop to the internecine wars that are now laying waste that unhappy country. When three hundred and fifty (350) of these lashes had cut their gory way into the writhing flesh of the audacious one, Miramon was informed that the man was dying. "Then," said the President of Mexico with a superb stroke of imperial authority, "*Let the remainder be given on the dead body;* my order must be carried out." (!!!)

But Mr. Miramon's claims to distinction are not summed up yet. He can do better than that last. Witness the following little affair which took place on the 16th of the same month:

"A poor unfortunate woman, whose husband had been taken as a soldier by the pressgang, was seized, whilst endeavoring to facilitate his escape from the quarter in which he was confined, and was ordered to receive three hundred lashes. Although *enciente*, these three hundred lashes were administered. She died under the torture, giving birth to a stillborn child. The man received the same number of lashes, but survived."

We trust the reader is convinced now that Haynau is not a patch to Miramon. We are.

"HOWES MY BOY!"

You shouldn't have done it, Howes. It was well for you to storm England with your "Great American Circus;" well that you throve greatly there, and nabbed the shiners thrown into the ring by gaping John Bull; well for you to retire when you had made your fortune, as we are glad to hear that you have done. But when we looked for your return to the land of your nativity, there to lavish with liberal hand the glittering chinky with which you had alchemised your professional sawdust, what did we hear? Why, that you had invested your Rhino upon the Rhine, buying out some seedy German baron, castle, title and all. Hail, noble Baron!—hippodromian chieftain, hail! But be not too elate: castles and barons and all must eventually return to dust—and it may even be temporarily expedient for some to return to sawdust.

The Key-Note of the Republican Music.

Dar-key.

OUR COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

O all whom it may concern.—Studiosi, Academici, Universitantes, Burschen, Sophs, Juniors and Seniors—VANITY has somewhat to say to you.

Of late VANITY has received a vast number of articles from a variegated mixture of Colleges in widely divaricated portions of the A. U.—American Union, You Know.

But VANITY has occasion to regret that all this variety has tended in nine articles out of ten towards one subject. And that is the pitching with Large Forks on the wretched Freshman all manner of satire, sneers, flings, foul aspersions, scolding, contumely, sarcasm, lampoon, sass, scandal, cavil and vituperation, mostly couched in the bitterest Slanguage. The Fresh! the iniquitous, filthy, unnatural, disloyal, base, shabby, grovelling, dirty, vile, scurvy, selfish, pitiful, paltry, low, mean, unrighteous, beggarly, immoral, inglorious, illiberal, disgraceful, dissolute, profligate, dishonorable, rascally, disreputable, demi-rep, green, base-minded, verdant, spoony, recreant, soft, abject, half-baked, perjured, blackguardly, sinful, uncontrite, nasty, atrocious, villainous, infernal Fresh! Blarst the Fresh! Darn the Fresh—he ain't no account! He's a Cagot and an Outlaw, a Bushman and an Ishmælite!

Now without pretending to deny that the Freshman may be the biggest Nuisance in existence, VANITY would like to know whether there is literally no other phase of social life at our American colleges, save that afforded by contemplation of the Freshman?

Are all amusements limited to Wild Hunts on the German plan in which Freshmen are the *ames damnées?* (We only ask for information.)

Are there no academic manners or customs beyond hazing Freshmen?

Is the University world as a general thing a rat-pit in which the Freshmen represent the rodents; Sophomores, terriers; and the rest of collegiate mankind the "sports?"

How is it, gentlemen?

THE FATHER OF SCHOLASTICUS RECOVERS HIS WATCH.

YALE COLLEGE, NEW HAVEN, Nov. 2, 1860.

Dear Vanity:—My friend the Senior is a trump! I'll tell you all about it:—

My father "came to time" yesterday (you see I am learning the ways and language of the world here at Old Yale.) After he had given me my mother's letter, together with a little one from my little sister LILLIE, and had asked about my studies and all that, you know, he says, "Well my boy, what's o'clock?"

My heart was up in my mouth, *I tell you!* "I haven't got any clock," said I. "There's a cheap one for sale that I know of; I wish you'd get it for me. 'Twould look first-rate up there on the mantel."

"*You* don't need a clock," said my father, "when you have that beautiful watch I gave you; let's see how the old fellow looks!"

"Watch and pray," thinks I. You may believe I prayed for that watch just then, most devoutly! I didn't say anything, but I made sure my coat was buttoned up tight!

"Come," says my father, "out with the time-piece!"

"I haven't got it," said I.

"Haven't got it!" You should have seen the shadow on the Governor's face then.

I never told a lie on purpose in my life. "No," said I, "I haven't got it! It's up the spout, and I don't know when 'twill come down! My friend the Senior got out of spondulix, and borrowed it to spout for the purpose of bucking the Tiger. He didn't break the bank, and I haven't seen the watch since!"

My father put on his spectacles. Then he took them off, wiped them very slowly, and put them on again. Then he spread his legs apart, put his hands under his coat-tails, and gazed at me with an expression of mingled curiosity and alarm.

"What do you keep in that closet?" said my father.

"Mostly coals and things," said I.

"Do you make a daily practice," continued my revered parent, "of imbibing intoxicating liquors at so early an hour as this?"

"I do not," said I.

(My door was open a crack and I was sure I heard a snicker outside it, just then.)

"Fifty years ago," said my father, "gentlemen got drunk, on an average, three hundred and sixty-five times in the course of the year, but they usually did it after dinner!"

"I never was drunk but once in my life," said I, "and that was on a penny cigar!"

"What do you mean," said my father, very slowly, "by 'bucking' a tiger, and what is 'spondulix?' Your remark about a 'spout' is simply and purely idiotic!"

I was about to explain what I meant, when some one knocked at the door, and immediately afterwards my friend the Senior appeared. He came in very quietly, and, without appearing to notice my father, "Here is your watch," said he. And, sure enough! there it was. Just then he caught sight of my venerable relative, and gave an amazed start. I introduced him at once.

"How did you get the watch out of the spout?" said I.

"Hush!" said my friend, the Senior, in a very mysterious manner.

"Have you bucked the Ti—"

My friend stopped me with an expressive gesture. "You mustn't go on in this way," said he. Then turning to my father he said, "The truth is, your son has been initiated into a secret society. It is an awful ordeal, but one which every well-conducted Freshman must go through with. He is evidently still a little shaken by the ceremony, and is telling more than he knows. It was necessary to keep the watch for a short time, and I have now come to return it!"

My father looked pleased. He took off his spectacles and smiled blandly. He rubbed his hands cheerfully. There was evidently a load off his mind.

"Got put through, eh?" said he. "Well! well! well! Boys will be boys!" Then he put on his spectacles and took another long look at me. Then he took them off again and laughed pleasantly to himself.

"Come, young gentlemen," said he, "if either of you know of a quiet place where we can get a good glass of mild old ale, suppose you pilot the way there!"

So we went round to BEN BRYAN'S and sat down and had a long chat about matters and things; and my father gave me the watch, out and out, when he had only loaned it to me before. When he left for home the next day, he drew me aside and told me that he had requested my friend, the Senior, to look after my habits and morals a little, and that my friend had promised to do so while he remained in College.

I haven't been able quite to make up my mind whether my friend told the truth or not in what he said to my father about the initiation!

SCHOLASTICUS.

P. S. I do not consider one five-cent piece and a penny stamp *quite* an equivalent for the letters I have sent you. I know you are a gentleman by the remark you made when you said I was a "spoon" to let my friend the Senior "spout" my watch. However, as he has *forked* over, I forgive both him and you.

P. P. S. Since writing the above I have examined the envelope in which came a letter to-day, directed to "SCHOLASTICUS" and signed "V. F.," and I find it bears the New Haven post-mark. It is very strange!

S.

Prompt Delivery.

For promptitude and dispatch, we commend the following sporting announcement to the attention of our readers:—

"ATTENTION—To the gentleman of the sporting class:—For sale a fine and well-bred imported English bulldog; not a second in this country."

If the noble animal referred to had not been "a second in the country" when his presence was announced in print, we may expect to hear great things of him by the time he has been here a fortnight.

GREAT SALE OF FORFEITED PLEDGES.

THE TEARFUL RESULTS OF THE ELECTION.

To the strangers who came among us last Wednesday morning the metropolis must have appeared very much as "London town" did to the late LORD LOVEL when, on his return from those "strange countries," which he had been "for to see, see, see," his lordship heard the dismal toll of St. PANCRAS bell

"And the people all mourning round, round, round,
And the people all mourning round."

In the case of the inhabitants of London, all who were on terms of intimacy with Mr. SAM COWELL are aware that the public wail on the said occasion was evoked by the premature decease of that estimable and tender-hearted young person, Lady NANCY BELL. Our own grief-stricken populace will be accounted for to the strangers aforementioned when we tell them that LINCOLN had been elected!

By "grief-stricken populace," gentle stranger, we do not mean the entire population of the city. The "grief-stricken populace" were Democrats, all of 'em! (or Fusionists, it's all the same.) And it was at the non-election of BELL or DOUGLAS or BRECKINRIDGE, that their manly tears gushed forth. For gad! but there was a venting of lachrymals! From "H. S. G." came a commercial blubber. And even the martial RYNDERS was seen to heave a savage sob. Prominent Union men put "mourning round, round, round" their hats. Things generally were dismal. And all because HONEST OLD ABE has been chosen to succeed that dreadfully Old Public Functionary in the White House at Washington. It's really very sad. We feel compelled to go with the "stricken deer" and weep. And we trust that the reader will take advantage of our absence to here turn aside and drop a furtive tear.

Moral Suggestions.

As the eagle is typical of the vigor of our national character, so let the sage hen be of its wisdom.

America is no longer young. She is now in her eighty-fifth year; and in walking through the markets yesterday, we observed that her hares are just beginning to turn gray.

"Have You Ever a Bone Amongst You?"

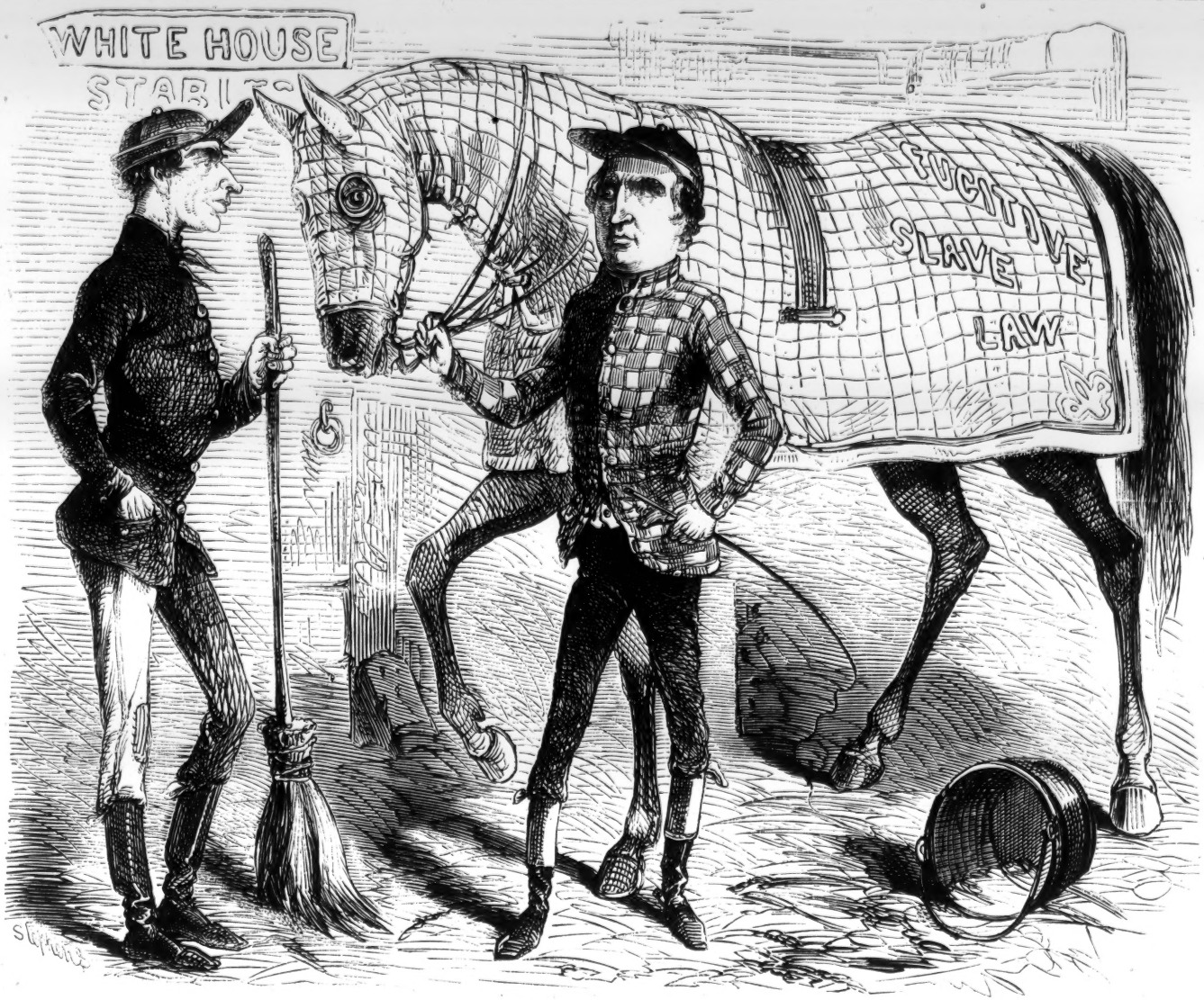
From an editorial of the Philadelphia *Press* of the 7th inst., we extract the following:—

"We have no right even to advise, much less to dictate to him, but he cannot fail to see that he is not indebted for his position to the mere strength of the Republican organization, but to the break-up in the Democratic party; and he should make it his study to surround himself by such advisers as will at once convince the country that he intends to administer the Government economically and wisely, and after the best models of the Union-loving patriots who have gone before him."

Will you please notice this appeal, Mr. LINCOLN? Will you be kind enough to remember those who gave you aid and comfort? Have you got such a thing about you as a District Attorneyship for an aspiring legal youth whose merits, although pertinaciously pressed, President BUCHANAN refused to recognize? Will there be such a thing as a vacancy in your Editorial corps at Washington? Do you think there may not be a little show for the Supreme Court, or an Embassy? How about the Consulship to Liverpool, or Havre, or any other place? Or would any of your dilapidated garments fit any other man? We "don't wish to advise," and oh! delicious acknowledgment of our modesty in not insisting upon it, "much less to dictate," but if there is any thing lying around loose, Mr. LINCOLN, when you assume the purple, please remember those who were active in "the break-up of the Democratic party." Don't forget it was the DOUGLAS who helped you to "bell the cat."

Transfusion.

Dr. PANCOAST of Philadelphia successfully performed last week a surgical process termed "transfusion." It consists in injecting into the venous system of an invalid the blood of a healthy man. The same operation is performed in this city at every election. Candidates are bled for the purpose of infusing new life into their constituents. The operation is a delicate one, generally performed "under a shed." For further particulars apply to any of the candidates of last Tuesday, Congressional candidates in particular.



COMING 'ROUND.

LINCOLN.—I SAY YANCEY—IF YOU'LL LET ME HAVE THESE STABLES IN PEACE FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF THE BEST STALLS AND SEE THAT YOUR NAG IS WELL TAKEN CARE OF.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

OL de rol lol. VANITY is deliciously delighted.

VANITY has achieved another T. T., —tremendous triumph, You Know. A T. T. of Enterprise, BONNERISM, BARNUMISM, Old Ability and everything else which is peculiarly the Big Thing just now. We are in fact, by the way, not to mince matters at present, very Large Sweet Potatoes and colored SkyRockets on great deeds.

We have obtained a Washington Correspondent. A Special. One represented to us to be the most Unscrupulous and Unprincipled, the most Obtaining and Snakingest into Corners in the Capital. One who will Effect.

This at least is what J. B. (we cannot give names in full) says in a private note. Also the Cabinet. Or any other man.

However, he must speak for himself.

He promises Revelations.

Revelations of Iniquity. Corruption. Vice. Bribery. And on great occasions crimes of still greater magnitude and enormity.

He will rip up the Third House across corners and shake it out by the tail.

He will —— —— ——.

But speak for yourself, Sonny!

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1860.

VANITAS VANITATUM! Oh, hebdomadal SOLOMON, thy prototype was prophetic,—all *is* vanity! The political pot bubbles fearfully. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! PAN, the monstrous, flat-nosed, goat-legged PAN,—PAN the ravisher,—LUPERCALIAN PAN, naked, whip in hand, is about! The *Syrinx* is in our streets! CHAOS is coming. Night descends. Democracy is as dead as HECTOR.

> Jacet ingens litore truncus,
> Avulsumque humanis caput, et sine nomnie caput,

LYNCÆUS (Latin for LINCOLN) briefly LYNX,—LYNX, son of PAN, the cruel, the keen-sighted, is coming. What's to be done? Our stomachs turn against him. Loaves and fishes rebel therein. Can we? Shall we *lynch* him *à priori*? Shall we with pistol prove "the man of malcontents?" Show game? Brag him off? After him with poker? Will the District try secession? Will it ever see another Session? Doubt prevails. Confusion reigns—trouble—tribulation—want of confidence—"Men's minds failing"—commercial crisis—nothing "*buoyant*" or "firm," but Zouave jackets and whalebone. Sword suspended. Revolution impending—rotation coming round—whirligigs and weathercocks in fashion. Various opinions—a few think "good time coming"—many scared—more dubious—others resigned—some somnolent. RIP VAN WINKLES say it ain't thunder—only RENFREW's wraith rolling ninepins in MRS. SMITH's gymnasium. Timorous trouble, not "in their boots," but in bootless trepidation. Knowing ones wide awake,—begin to repent political sins—willing to do *pen*ance (clerkly work) in caps and capes and tin torches, without tintinabulation. Some office-holders philosophical (*credat Judæus?*) see new lights, auroral flashes, northern coruscations, dazzled—visionary scintillations—confusion of colors—begin to think white black, black white.

Correspondent up to snuff,—nose everything, more too—cabinet secrets—up and down stairs—devil on the roof, beats ASMODEUS—show VANITY whole concern, like bees a patent hive. VANITY sometimes wrong, if possible—fallible lately, like the Pope; made the error quite Catholic; universal mistaken about J. B., his resignation, emigration to Kansas, to aid society, raise farms, and otherwise vegetate. Great blunder—not so bad, or so heavy as the *Ledger's*—not so expensive—*Ledger's* mistake got up without regard to cost. Advertising on great scale, but all fishy. Got up to sell. No such bonheur for BONNER. J. B. repudiates biography—wouldn't make an entry of such a thing for himself, much less write up that *Ledger*. Catch him *even at it*. No, I know better. Washington *Star* knows better. Court luminary that—every twinkle a new wrinkle. *Star* winks at the truth. Official advertisement—J. B.'s name to it. VANITY saw it—veritable J. B.; who ever heard of any other? J. B. goes into second-hand furniture line. Cash down for respectable articles. Let us moralise—grand illustration—beautiful equality of our ge-lorious institutions—exquisite working of great republican scheme. "OLD ABE" spontaneous call of free People—honest occupation of rail-splitting—Presidential chair—great Republic; J. B. gracefully subsiding—irksome official slavery—respectable avocation, second hand furniture.

Beats all history—"OLD ABE" may be regular brick in his way—actual *Sin sin at us;* but J. B. can not be beat. "None but himself can be his parallel." I send you a few very important items. Seeretary of State rejuvenated, will manage from old Fogyism; contemplates going to the land of Frogs, "*tum vates Cassandra moveret.*" Will represent U. S. in Court of Cass-ation. Means privately to urge extermination of "perfidious Albion." Hates Britain, great and little. Will blow up *entente cordiale*, and make NAP. III. his cat's-paw—royal gale too strong this side of herring pond.

Our civil Mars migrates to Pacific. Will embark in Lime business at Golden Gate. Prospective partnership with Gwinn, should he have a California remittance.

Secretary of *Interior* retires into *outer* darkness. Good Book says there will be weeping and wailing, &c.

Head of Navy Department will Beach all the ships. Guns to be melted in view of new duty on Iron. Hulks to be broken up and peddled through Connecticut for firewood. Brother-in-law to be member of firm.

Secretary of the Treasury has taken a share in patent machine for cleaning corn. Found to *shell out* with great rapidity; grinds up Cobb into palatable meal.

Attorney-General, unless sooner judicially settled, will devote his mercurial energies to California land cases. Opens, also, agency for sale of town lots at New Almaden. Nice location, houses to be built of Cinnabar, cemented with quicksilver. Patent applied for in view of this process.

No room for subs except a few. Assistant Sec. of State, literary and historical, will help J. B. in biographical line, if BONNER comes out right as per advertisement. Chief Clerk of Treasury joins boundary survey as Rod-man. Same of Navy Department will deal in Welsh flannels. He, of war office, will continue to Drink-hard.

Fate of auditors will not be known until after inauguration.

First Comptroller contemplates again in Medill-ing in Ohio politics. Second do. Cutts' public life, will devote himself to errant son in law. Chief duty will be to take care little peripatetic don't again stray from mother's apron strings.

Nothing definite about P. M. General; thought he may Holt on, unless *abolition* of Department decided on. Rumored that as universal liberty is to be leading principle of new administration, no Mail-service will be permitted. Communications to be by tell-liegraph-posts. Wires have worked so well during campaign that they will be indefinitely extended.

Correspondent could go through whole blue book—very blue indeed just now—blue as indigo, nay, black as indignation—but happens to remember old saw about puddins and curtails; has also juvenile reminiscence of *sic talia fando*.

For F. P.—further particulars You Know—see my next.

Yours,

WASHTUB.

Queery?

Dear V. F.—The *Bath Chronicle* says the the Rev. Mr. GUINNESS was recently baptized by Lord CONGLETON, and shortly afterwards married Miss FITZGERALD, a niece of Lord FITZGERALD and VESEY, and also of the Marchioness of Ailsa. Now will you tell me whether GUINNESS XX stout will be continued under the circumstances. I've been a nussing forty-three year come Michælmas on it, and feels dreadful anxious.

From Our Tribune Contributor.

"It is rumored that New Jersey intends seceding from the Union—to establish an independent Democracy under the title Dry Goodsia—with JOSHUA J. HENRY for President."

Wonder if the above wasn't intended for HARPER?

J. B.

RIEND reader—your Uncle has a lot of trouble in these receding, seceding, bleeding, up a tree-ding times. Talk about having more vexations than you could shake a stick at! *Stick* indeed! Why the moral status of meridional divergence alone furnishes us with more *mœstitia, querelas* and that sort of thin than would furnish employment to a big canebrake.

Instinct however—our Instinct you know is a Big Thing—comes to aid, prophesying bright times ahead for your Uncle. Only in one thing there is no consolation. One thing.

We are going to lose JAMES.

The late events which are so pregnant with significance, cast up to us from their fiery Depths only a cold Billow of Sorrow, from whose Gilded Ruin falls a still small Voice whose pallid Hands seem to say:

We are going to lose JAMES.

What shall we do without him? We are out of OSSIAN, and ADAH ISAACS MENKEN &c. has wailing enough to do for herself in poetry, while WALT WHITMAN is engaged, or else the world should see a lyric of despair which would drive to raving lunacy the infant in the cradle, and the crow on the housetop. Our stupendous sorrow in such hands would require the Lyre of Chaos for accompaniment and nothin' shorter. We are Positive—nothin' shorter would do.

We are going to lose JAMES.

Fortunately divers and sundry of our Fairies have supplied us with lesser lyrics of consolation. Only to March Fourth! Oh pocket handkerchiefs! Oh Sin, Shame, Sorrow, Smashed Eggs, Spilt Milk, Ravished Garlands, Tears and Coffin Nails. Boo—hoo—ooo—ooo—!

We are going to lose JAMES!

Let us continue the service by singing,

HEAP BIG INJUN. HIM DEATH-SING.

TUNE, ALKNOOMOOK

Or ary a tune that'll fit

My reign ends in March, yes March fourth is the day,
But Wheatland remains when the White-House won't pay.
Begin, you Republicans, threats are in vain,
For JIM B. of Wheatland will never complain.

Remember the damage he did to your cause,
Remember your chieftains knocked down by his laws!
Why thus pause? do you think they'll elect me again?
No, JIM B. of Wheatland is "played out," that's plain.

Remember old Kansas and that bloody play,
And the plunder we bore from the Yankees away.
Now election comes round you exult in my pain.
But JIM B. of Wheatland can never complain.

I go to the land where I'm a Favorite Son,
Where Monongahela like water shall run.
March comes like grim Death to relieve me from pain,
And JIM B. of Wheatland! has scorned to complain.

Just so. "Hoo hoo hoo! the Muscogee, Wah wah wah! the blasted tree!" "Big Injin—heap big Injin red blanket by d——n!" Whiskey in calebash—ugh—hoo! Me scalpey. *Wan-a-wbe-na-etla-no-ma. Hoo—auh—ou—*UGH!

Did you ever hear the Injin yell on a big drunk? Say after eight inches of tom a w[illegible]ck invigorator or *créme de corn?* But we are Aberrant.

Our second hymn is:

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A PLAYED OUT GENTLEMAN.

Happy canvas—favored oils!
Lucky limner—thou whose toils
To beholders here present,
"Our respected President!"
He who shows how Christian graces
Brightest shine in highest places;
Who no single step can take
Of himself for his own sake,
But secure from dread or harm
Leans upon the "Almighty arm."
He who democratic scorning
Private rooms and vain adorning,
In a bar-room's humble station
Washed himself from perspiration!
He whom the "Observer" man
(Tell his name if any can)
Saw in vision beatific,
And described with pen prolific,
Walking up the middle aisle
Serious, without a smile,
All the gazing myriads through
To his own peculiar pew!
Sitting down therein, and next
Serious listening to the text,
And, as one of *us* might do,
Hearing all the sermon through!
(O, what rapture must have flown
Through the ranks around the Throne!
How the Seraphim beholders
Peeping o'er each other's shoulders,
Must have thrilled with ecstasy
Compliance like that to see!)

II. (Later.)

Ah how mutable the story
Is of mortal fame and glory!
He whose every act and word
Such enthusiasm stirred,
Now may bow or smile or bend,
Worship God or greet his friend,
And no adorning hosts around
Through the earth his praises sound.
Only BONNER—noble name—
Recollects the ancient fame,
And beckons the neglected sage
To the *Ledger's* classic page,
Giving to the setting sun
One last chance to shine upon
That ungrateful world, erewhile
Dazzled with his rising smile!
Vain thy efforts, generous one!
His career is almost run!
Voluntarily or no,
He must very shortly go
From official care and strife,
To the tomb of private life.
Gentle JAMIE! In that grave
Peace and quiet thou shalt have
To that undisturbed home
The world's clamor shall not come
There alike shall friends and foes

"NOT THAT MAN, BUT ANOTHER MAN."

Toodles.

Suggins.—"EDITOR OF THE 'SMILER,' I BELIEVE?—SIR, FINDING IT STATED IN YOUR LAST ISSUE, THAT ONE TIMOTHY SUGGINS, A WELL-KNOWN SHOULDER-HITTER, WAS REMARKABLY ACTIVE AT THE SEVENTH POLL, AND MY NAME BEING TIMOTHY SUGGINS, I WISH A CARD TO BE INSERTED IN YOUR NEXT, STATING THAT I, SIR, I, AM NOT THE INDIVIDUAL REFERRED TO."

What may be Learned when Up a Tree

What is at present the most striking evergreen in S. C.?

The Sea Cedar—ain't it?

What are the favorite nuts of the day?

HAMMONDS and CHESTNUTS.

Talking of sprouts—What is the gist of the whole conflict?

The proclamation Gist issued.

A brilliant Scintillation.

They are trying photography by electric light, now, in Paris. A good many Flash men have already had their portraits thus taken. It is the only process in electrical science by which a Spark can be permanently fixed.

Truly Singular.

It is worthy of remark that, although the father of Young Norval was, in all probability, a native of the Grampian Hills, not a single commentator has as yet attempted to prove that was a Grampus.

Put Him Out!

Why is Col. FREMONT's fortune like Joan of Arc?

Because it's Made of Ore-liens!!

By Our Sweet Pretty Contributor.

Why are organists naughty men?

Because they always play in church.

A Weight Sometimes Found Wanting.

The New York "ton."

Equal to Orestes.

Little boys in their love for Pie Ladies.

Leave thee to thy long repose,
And "after all thy travail sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore."

Goo-oo-od by! To be sure we shall have several chances to See you again before March Fourth, You Know—we don't need Instinct for that—but we can't help saying farewell to you, JAMES—we'd have liked to say it a good while ago. When you do get up to Wheatland, be sure and send us some of that whiskey, post-paid—say a barrel or so of the vintage of '24, and rely upon it, JAMES, we'll see it properly distributed among the poor.

A "WHAT WAS IT?"

Gurowski, in his "Minor Experiences in America," now publishing in the *Saturday Press*, mentions a strange thing seen by him at Boston, on the Fourth of July, 1850. He says:—

"The Mayor had put me in charge of a councilman, and I found him an agreeable, well-informed and well-bred companion during the procession and during the festival."

When will our men of science learn to be exact in their amusements, complete in their definitions, and particular about nomenclature? Here is Gurowski, now, stating he has actually seen and conversed with that most apocraphal of myths, a decent councilman, and yet he has neglected to furnish us with the name of it! We are disappointed in Gurowski.

About the size of it.

We hear a good deal from European sources, about "A new vessel to be larger than the Great Eastern." Now that may be all very well, there; but it is generally conceded that the Great Eastern was quite long enough—here.

Anecdotes of the Prince.

"One day H. R. H. was standing near a window in the vicinity of a young lady, who resided not far off. Suddenly approaching them, the young woman's fond and watchful father exclaimed, "See here! I'll have to look after you young folks!"

Why don't you laugh, eh? Don't you see the joke, eh? Isn't that a nice style of thing to get off at a small tea-party! We think it immense, so we copy it from the *World* newspaper, otherwise known as the Sinner's Delight. Furthermore, we are not afraid to let our very junior office boy have a shy at this sort of paragraph. So we do. Here are the results:

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE BOY.

One day the Prince of Wales was passing along when he was met by a small boy in company with several other small boys.

"My Gracious!" said the Prince.

No more striking instance of royal sagacity has ever come to light.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

Not long ago, when in Boston, the Prince of Wales, popularly supposed to be the Baron RENFREW, observed to a small feminine child, "My dear, does your mamma know that you are out?"

The effect of the above witty morceau is heightened by its simplicity, we think.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE TWO PINS.

One day the Prince of Wales, ALBERT EDWARD, found two pins on the floor, whereupon he immediately exclaimed:

"Newcastle, a pin.
Germains, its twin!"

thus showing his lamb-like disposition and poetic temperament.

The office boy having gone out, we are unable to present our readers with any more of these gems in the present issue

N. B.—Witty paragraphs in the above style will be furnished to country editors at 25 cents a bushel. Three per cent discount for cash.

REMARKABLE DELUSION.

Confidential Clerk.—"WORST O' THIS CELLAR BUSINESS IS THE WAY SMELLALIQUOR TOXICATES A FELLAR!"

A Correction.

We learn from the gentleman who recently formed the subject of A Brief Biography in VANITY FAIR, that there were several errors in the article in question. They will, however, be corrected in the forthcoming edition of HOLMES's Whole Works.

"A Shadow of Meaning."

Why did General MORRIS take umbrage at the woodman?

Because WOODMAN was about to take umbrage from the tree You Know.

Not the First Time.

At the Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, we learn that "Ancient Briton pulled up lame, Golden Pippin fell off before reaching the Bushes; and the Prophet made an unprofitable run."

Chemistry in the Bible

H. O. every one that thirsteth!

The Same Old Tune.

GRANTLEY BERKELEY's Spittoon.

A brilliant Scene.

Kerosene.

The sailor's favorite exercise.

Sparring.

A CLERICAL DETECTIVE

The public has lately been informed, *ex cathedra*, by the Reverend Dr. TYNG, of an extraordinary series of frauds to which the gay and festive male portion of it has been subjected by that portion to which the cause of the gay and festive state of mind of the first mentioned portion may be ascribed. In other words, Dr. TYNG gives us to understand that when the eye of love dwells with commercial satisfaction upon the well-rounded arm of a *fiancée*, rivetting itself with especial ecstasy upon the massive golden manacle with which that fascinative member is fettered; when the frantic admirer, lost for hours in admiration of the ivory, billiard-ballyroundings of an expressive pair of shoulders, brings himself back to consciousness by going into a small mental calculation as to the marketable value of the diaphanous oyster-beads that clasp, aggravatingly, the neck of loveliness; when these things, we say, are done, then, O! then, all is Vanity. For the Reverend Detective has been and gone and found out that at least one great jewelry house of this city relics for the rent of its premises upon the letting out of gold, and silver, and precious stones, to the beauteous night-moths that flutter so gaily in the glare of the lustrous ball-room. Thus jewels, like horses, are put on livery principles; and it is distressing to think that the trinkets which heave to-night upon the gentle swell of our own Amelia, may toss wildly, to-morrow, upon the billowy person of some wealthy *parvenue*.

Dr. TYNG's disclosure fills us with doubt and fear. Of everything about our Special Object, how much is real estate and how much rented? Did her mother, cognizant of her intended promenade, rush privately out by the basement door, and pluck down her clandestine quarter for two hours of the ravishing bonnet with which Amelia recently settled our worldly concerns? Did that old woman—we reject the epithet "lady," pending further evidence—shove the queer upon our too susceptible heart by decking out her daughter for us in hack *moiré antiques* and hireling *illusions?* Ha! 'tis well!—there's a reckoning—but we won't pay it!

In a frame of mind feebly suggested by the above interjectiles, we strode moodily along Broadway, meditating a course of TYNG, when our eye was attracted by a gaudy show-card in a shop window, setting forth—"FANCY DRESS WIGS ON HIRE."

Oh dear!—fancy hair on hire!—fancy teeth on hire!—fancy lots of other things on hire!—fancy Amelia on hire!—fancy her mother on hire!

No; we can't fancy that last. Let's liquor.

THE SILVER ANCHOR.

When the youthful Prince ALFRED of England—brother of ALBERT EDWARD, and a midshipman—was at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, not long since, he was escorted around by a body-guard consisting of seventeen beautiful young ladies, equipped as dragoons, and mounted upon noble steeds. Each of these "dashing white sergeants" wore a little silver anchor just about where the breastplate of a trooper usually reposes—an emblem which might have induced irreverent scoffers to classify them with that gallant branch of the service known as "Horse Marines." But to one who sees below the surface, it will be obvious that these anchors were but the conventional emblems of Hope. The girls at Graham's Town were a little brassy about the business, and didn't mind typifying their individual hopes with a tangible device. Our own girls, at home here, when ALBERT EDWARD was doing "cynosure" among them, were less demonstrative, it is true; but every blessed one of them wore the silver anchor secretly, in the recesses of her sanguine heart.

Talking of our girls—or of any other nice girls—*smack* is a pretty word; and that leads to a vision of oyster-smacks; which, in turn, suggests the idea that all the girls who sported the silver anchor, whether externally or internally, whether for the Prince who was yonder, or the Prince who was here, may well be likened to a fleet of our gay oyster-sloops, straining hard upon their cables in some breezy nook of our molluscous shores—say for example, Prince's Bay.

The Goddess of Spiritualism.

NOX.

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